

# Silenced

by David Ackley

How not to have noticed,  
his absence in every crack  
in the conversation.

“There is no dialogue  
Only parallel monologues.”

Pinching him  
smaller and smaller  
sentence to phrase to word,  
murmur, grunt, nod. He was so  
pleased to let us talk  
(we thought)

How sweet to be  
Enjoyed, to be audienced!

His words then, not quite lost,  
like glasses, misplaced

in that place between  
lost and found

